

THE DINKEY BIRD.

In an ocean far out yonder, As all sapient people know, Is the land of Wonder-Wander Whither children love to go; It's their playing, romping, swinging, That giveth joy to me, While the Dinkey Bird goes singing In the amfalula tree!

Where the gumdrops grow like cherries, And taffy's thick as peas; Caramels you pick like berries When and where and how you please; Big red sugar plums are clinging To the cliffs beside that sea Where the Dinkey Bird is singing In the amfalula tree!

So when children shout and scamper And make merry all the day, When there's naught to put a damper On the ardor of their play; When I hear their laughter ringings, Then I'm sure as sure can be That the Dinkey Bird is singing In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey Bird's bravuras And staccatos are so sweet, His roudades, appoggiaturas And robustos so complete, That the youth of every nation, Be they near or far away, Have especial delectation In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter, Their lungs begin to crow, Their hearts get light and lighter And their cheeks are all aglow; For an echo cometh bringing The news to all and me That the Dinkey Bird is singing In the amfalula tree!

Yes, I'm sure you'd like to go there To behold your feathered friend; And so many goodies grow there You would like to comprehend! Speed, little dreams, your winging! To that land across the sea, Where the Dinkey Bird is singing In the amfalula tree!

—Eugene Field.

The Mills of the Gods

I allow it must be nigh onto twenty years since me an' Caleb heard that lecture; but it seems as if I mind a'most every word of it yet. You see, there hadn't bin much goin' on that winter; an' so, when along in January, Caleb come home from preachin'—I hed a bad spell of nuralgy that day an' didn't get out—an' sed there was goin' to be a lecture up at Nubeh on the next Friday night, I jest made up my mind that I was goin'.

worker an' that careful of his clothes, why, I mended more for one of my own children in a week than I did for him in two months.

Well, they went to housekeepin' on a place jest next to us, belonging to Henry John's aunt. Elmira Stone was her name, an' she was a terror if ever there was one. Never married, "hed no use for sech worthless truck as men," she sed. I don't know as I ever seen any of them runnin' after her; but that's neither here nor there. She hed her good points, too.

Well, them young folks hadn't been married long till I seen somethin' was wrong. Mary Emily was right proud an' high strung an' she wouldn't tell a thing, an' he never seemed to notice that things wasn't goin' jest the same as they'd always bin. Mary Emily worked from mornin' till night, milkin', churnin', feedin' calves and chickens, weeding garden, besides cookin' an' doin' all the house work. After the first year she quit goin' anywhere but to church. It wasn't that they wasn't gettin' along in a money way. Why, Henry John was always a braggin' to me what a good worker he'd got an' how well they was gettin' along.

But there was somethin' wrong all the same. Mary Emily's face was gettin' that hard lookin' it seemed as if she hed forgot how to smile, an' folks got to talkin' about how shabby she went, an' when they'd been married about seven years she took typhoid fever, an' I went over to stay a week or two till they could get some one. I declare an' testify that I couldn't find clothes enough to change her an' her bed twice a week, an' as for the children, I allow she must have washed out their little dresses at night an' ironed them before they got up in the mornin', not a one of them hed more than one decent dress to his back.

Well, Mary Emily died, an' Aunt Elmira Stone came to stay with Henry John an' the children. Henry John was all broke up, couldn't do nothin' but talk to me about how good Mary Emily was, how she jest worked away an' made things do, an' never pestered him for money for finery, an' how she made over his clothes, an' hers, too, for the children, an' how he'd be savin' up money an' he'd got his horses an' cows all paid for an' some in the bank, till I could hardly keep from askin' him if her workin' was all missed. Oh, I allow he loved her in his way, but he was close—all the Stones was close with money—close as the bark on the



"THIS HERE ONION BED'S MINE."

tree. An' when a man holds his money so close there isn't much room for love or anything else to get near him. I took the baby home with me after the funeral, an' Henry John was over quite often. He was never done talkin' about how lucky he was to get his aunt to stay with him. Sed she had a paper made out, sayin' that things was to go on jest the same as they did when Mary Emily was alive. He wasn't to pay any rent to her an' no wages. "Jest think, Aunt Maria Ann, she don't want any rent," sez he. Well, I didn't know what to think. I knowed Elmira Stone hed somethin' up her sleeve an' I told Henry John to be careful what he put his name to, but he sed he'd read it before he signed it; seemed as if he was so tickled at gettin' her to keep house for nothin' he didn't look too close at anything else.

It wasn't long until he told me she'd got him to draw out his money from the bank an' buy a new mower; sed she'd even go to town with him an' addod some more to what he had an' got a better machine. I got it out of him that she'd had the bill made to her, an' hed resented it in her name. Henry John didn't altogether like this, but there was always the thought of havin' somebody keepin' house for nothin' to keep him from makin' a fuss; seemed as if money almost shone so bright in Henry John's eyes that it kind of dulled his sight for anything else.

Well, it came along towards the last of June an' Henry John seemed to be gettin' peaked lookin'. Jest like Mary Emily used to the year before she died. I went over one day an' he was weedin' out an onion bed, a new one he'd made that spring under the settin' room window. He looked so worried an' miserable that I jest pulled him down on the porch step beside me. An' sez I, "Where's Aunt Elmira?" sez I, "How's that?" an' he ups an' says, "She's goin' to the market now," an' sez I, "How's that?" an' he ups and tells me that she allowed as the farm was hers she was the one to sell the stuff. "But," sez he, "this here onion bed's mine. I'm goin' to sell these onions an' get the money for them, or I'll know the reason why."

I declare I felt like sayin' lots, but I didn't; an' things got worse an' worse, till along in September I heard Henry John jest a shoutin' over at the fence; an' I run out to see what he wanted, an' he was a wavin' an' motionin' me to come over. So I jest ran over, think-

in' one of the children hed fell or got hurt someway. But when I got there him an' Elmira Stone was havin' it hot and heavy; seemed as if she'd sold his onion bed an' pocketed the money; an' my oh my! what a story he hed to tell; how he'd worked like a slave all summer an' milked, an' raised calves that she sed wouldn't live, an' took care of the chickens an' run the farm besides, an' how she'd sold everything an' kept the money; an' how he hadn't hed a cent to spend; an' how he wasn't going to stand it any longer.

An' she was standin' there a holdin' out a paper to me tellin' me to read it. An' I sez to her, "Didn't you promise that things 'ud go on jest as they did when Mary Emily was there?" An' sez she, "Well, ain't they goin' on jest the same?"

An' I set down an' jest looked at her. I allowed she'd gone crazy. But she jest looked back at me. An' sez I, "Do you mean to say you hed done jest like Mary Emily used to do?" An' she give me such a scornful look. "Me?" she sez, "me? well, I allow I'm not a fool. I didn't say who was goin' to be the Mary Emily, did I? Henry John alwus allowed that Mary Emily ought to be glad to work like a nigger day in an' day out an' never see a red cent, an' when she wanted a callker dri' she could come beggin' to him one of the dollars she'd worked as hard as him to earn. Sold yer onions an' put the money in my pocket, did I?" sez she, turnin' to Henry John. "Well, you kin jest imagine you're Mary Emily an' I'm you. Lots an' lots of times you done that to her an' she wouldn't ask for a cent. An' when she died folks hed to bring things to lay her out in. Well, you've bin Mary Emily for nigh onto a year now, how do you like it?"

Henry John jest stood there lookin' like he was goin' to fall over in a fit, an' I was dumb. As fur that dreadful woman she went up-stairs an' come down again with her bonnet on, an' as she went out the door she looked at Henry John, an' sez she, "You've had your lesson, see you don't forget it."

Well, I went home to talk things over with Caleb, an' sez he, after I'd told him what she sed, sez he, "Well, she's a holy terror, but she's about right there. Henry John's only gettin' back what he give."

An' sez I, "Yes, the mills of the gods hev bin grindin' away an' the meal isn't to his likin'." You mind that lecture, don't you?"

An' sez he, "What lecture?" jest like a man, wasn't it? An' some folks sed Almira Stone hed made a small fortune out of the place that year, an' some sed it served Henry John jest right, whilst there was some allowed she did it because she saw he was gitten that close an' mean somethin' had to be done to open his eyes.

As for me, I never could jest make it out to my satisfaction, but there's one thing I can say, it done him a power of good. When he married again there wasn't a better dressed nor a happier woman in Nubeh than Henry John's wife. You see he alwus was a good man, but he didn't think; no, he jest didn't think. I allow it's all for the best; but when I go apast Mary Emily in Nubeh churchyard I say to myself, "If only." But there, them that sleeps under the green quilt need no heart salve. An' that's more than can be sed of the livin'."—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

STAPLE FOOD SUPPLY LIMITED.

Comparatively Few Nutritive Products of the World's Inhabitants. Certain great food staples have proved themselves within the age-long experience of humanity to possess a larger amount of nutritive value, digestibility and other good qualities, and a smaller proportion of undesirable properties than any others, says McClure's.

These, through an exceedingly slow and gradual process of the survival of the fittest, have come to form the staples of food in common use by the human race all over the world. It is really astonishing how comparatively few there are of them, when we come to consider them broadly; the flesh and the milk of three or four domesticated animals, the flesh of three or four and the eggs of one species of domesticated birds, three great grains—wheat, rice and maize—and a half-dozen smaller and much less frequent ones, one hundred or so species of fishes and shell fish, two sugars, a dozen or so starch-containing roots and tubers, only two of which—the potato and the manioc—are of real international importance, twenty or thirty fruits, forty or fifty vegetables make up two-thirds of the food supply of the inhabitants of the world.

Instead of wondering at the variety and profuseness of the human food supply the biologist is rather inclined to ejaculate with the London footman immortalized by John Leech, who, when told by the cook that there would be mutton chops for dinner and roast beef for supper, exclaimed: "Nothink but beef, mutton and pork—pork, mutton and beef! Hin my opinion, hit's 'igh time some new hanimal was invent-ed!"

Not Unusual.

Kadley—I must confess I was pretty cranky yesterday. Did the girls say anything about it?

Kandor—No.

Kadley—Strange they didn't notice my behavior.

Kandor—I guess they didn't see anything unusual about it.—Philadelphia Press.

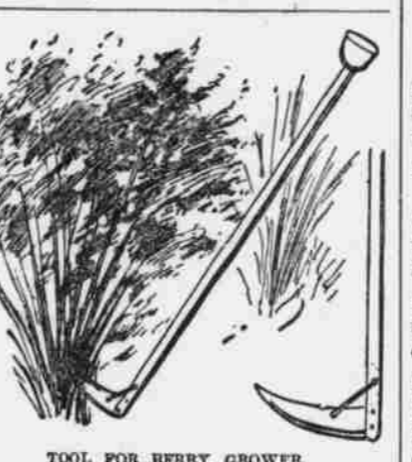
A poor but otherwise strictly honest man says that the worst thing about riches is not having any.

Flattery is a kind of flypaper that catches silly people.



Handy Home-Made Tool.

All growers of blackberries and raspberries know that one of the most disagreeable jobs of the season is the cutting out of the old canes on the plants of these fields. The easiest way of doing this work is to use a sharp tool of some kind so arranged that the operator may stand upright and work. The tool illustrated may be readily made by any handy man, and will do the work required quite as effectively as a more expensive tool.



TOOL FOR BERRY GROWER.

tioned to the handle in the manner shown in the cut, and when working among the canes of the berry bushes use it in the way illustrated. This tool will be found extremely handy for this sort of pruning anywhere on the farm. It will work quite well for cutting out suckers in the orchard as in the berry row. If the canes are quite tall a straight handle may be attached to the blade so that one may have it of any desired length. Such a tool costs but little, and if one has a considerable area in berry plants it will pay to have several tools made.

Beans.

"Beans" is the title of a recent farmers' bulletin, by Professor Corbett, the well-known horticulturist of the United States Department of Agriculture. Beans belong to one of the most important families of economic plants with which man has to deal—that of legumes. The bean furnishes food for both man and beast, and at the same time increases the fertility of the soil. It is, therefore, an important crop, both in farm rotation and in market garden work. The new bulletin treats fairly of its cultivation, care and use.

Professor Wlaneko, of Purdue Experiment Station, has just issued an interesting bulletin on soy beans, cow peas and other forage crops. The culture of cow peas and soy beans is becoming important with many farmers, as they make good forage crops and at the same time add fertility to the soil. They belong to the legumes, and the cost of producing is about the same as for corn, while their food value compares very favorably with corn. Several other classes of forage plants are described in the bulletin.

To Pasteurize Milk.

Pasteurizing milk is a very simple process, the operator to be careful of the temperature, however, which is very important. When milk is boiled the natural flavor is destroyed, and some persons object to it. Milk is also injured to a certain extent by boiling. To pasteurize milk, procure long-necked bottle, which must be scrupulously clean; pour in the milk and plug the tops with cotton wool, which excludes all germs. Place the bottles in a deep pan or other vessel and heat to a temperature of 155 degrees, using a thermometer. If the temperature reaches 160 degrees the milk will have the odor of being boiled. Keep the milk heated for half an hour. The cotton stoppers need not be removed until the milk is desired for use. The bottles containing the milk may be placed in a refrigerator or some cool receptacle. Milk so prepared can be kept for two or three days. To sterilize milk it must be boiled, hence Pasteurization is a different process.

Poultry.

A careful observer of poultry needs no better sign of its condition than to watch the comb. A bright red comb shows that the hen or male is healthy and vigorous, and if a hen, she will probably be a good layer. After the egg supply has failed the comb will generally lose its color. In cold weather fowls with large combs must have extra warm quarters, as they are very easily frozen. It is frozen combs more often than anything else that makes Leghorns and Minorcas poor winter layers. As their names imply, they are natives of warm climates, as, indeed, most fowls are. They very rarely get into warm quarters in winter as they could find anywhere in the countries where they had their original home.

Bee Keeping.

A cellar is a good place to keep bees, but, if sheltered from the winds and exposed to the sun, a strong colony will do well out of doors.

Shredded Stover.

For winter feeding of stock animals this makes one of the finest feeds on the farm. The modern husking and shredding machinery does excellent work, and its man-eating proclivities have been largely eliminated. An ordinary threshing machine can be made to do good shredding, but the grain is not left in the best condition. The greatest drawback in the use of both husker and thresher is that they require a large force of men and teams, hence the work is quite expensive. Perhaps the cheapest corn husking is done with the little old husking peg. But it is almost impossible to feed long stover without considerable waste, and the refuse stalks are a nuisance when it comes to handling the manure. These difficulties may be overcome by running the handhusked stover through a common cutter and shredder. This work can usually be done without employing much, if any outside help. In case everything is hired, the cost of the work, added to that of hand-husking and putting of the corn and stover in crib and mow or stack may equal or even exceed the expense of machine husking and shredding. This is a point for each to decide from his own standpoint.—Agricultural Epitomist.

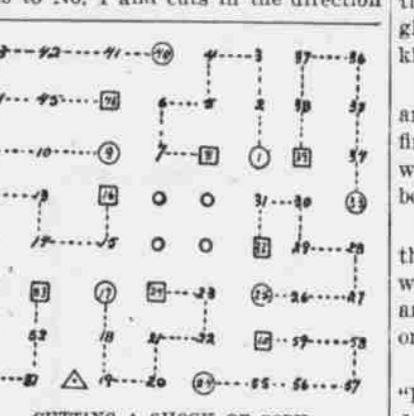
Composition of Crops.

A bulletin of the Minnesota Experiment Station discusses the composition and characteristics of the more common farm crops, as alfalfa, clover, peas, rape, corn fodder, timothy, millet, etc. In connection with the composition of some of the crops the protein content of the seed is considered. In the case of clover, alfalfa, peas, beans and rape two distinct types of seed are shown to recur, one of high and the other of low protein content, and the relationship of the physical characteristics of the seeds to the chemical composition is noted. The larger protein content of the seed is considered as a possible factor in the production of forage crops of high nutritive value. The quality of the forage in live-stock feeding is of great importance, because by the use of more concentrated nitrogenous forage rations can be prepared requiring smaller amounts of grains and milled products. The result is a material financial saving of stock.

How to Save Steps.

In spite of the extensive development and use of corn harvesting machinery the fact remains that much corn is still cut by hand. Therefore the accompanying sketch recently sent to the New England Homesteader by a reader will prove of interest.

He has figured out that if the plan outlined is followed a sixty-four hill shock, or stock, of corn can be cut at a minimum number of steps. The circles in the center represent the four hills tied together or between which the shock is built. After the foundation for the shock is ready the man goes to No. 1 and cuts in the direction



CUTTING A SHOCK OF CORN.

of the numbers until he reaches No. 8. After placing his armful in the shock he begins at No. 9 and cuts to No. 16 again depositing his load and continuing the operation in the way the hills are numbered until the shock is completed. It will be noted that in addition to saving steps this plan brings the cutter near the shock with his heaviest load, or when his arm is full of corn.

Fruit from Seed.

It is doubtful if there is any kind of fruit that will come strictly true to variety when grown from seed, as there is a tendency to deviate from the original. One may secure something superior or the fruit may revert back to some undesirable kind. It is a slow and uncertain process. Chestnuts may be grafted when 1 year old. The nuts are usually placed in the ground in rows, 6 inches deep, early in the spring or late in the fall, hilling over them in the fall, and uncovering in the spring. They are very unreliable in germinating and prefer a sandy loam. The European varieties are larger than the native. The native chestnuts vary greatly, no two trees producing nuts exactly alike in size, flavor, etc. The foreign varieties are grafted on the American stocks. Trees grown from American nuts can not be depended upon for quality of product.

A Peaceful Bee.

Beehives on every front porch, giving each family a supply of delicious honey close at hand, while at the same time the bees will inculcate their lesson of industry, are a possibility, for the Department of Agriculture has succeeded in importing from abroad what may be termed a peaceful bee, which finds our tickle climate to its liking. The newcomer is known as the Caucasian bee. The name is derived from its native locality, and is emphasized by habits of life which rank it distinctly as the white man's bee. It is civilized, dignified and high-toned. It rushes with reluctance into anything that smacks of warfare, having, in place of the belligerent instincts of others of its class, a predisposition to arbitration.

ONE OF THEIR USES.

Old-World Royalties Are Very Convivial Subjects of Conversation.

The royal standard, streaming above the battlements, showed gallantly through an opening in the trees. The Americans, resting midway of their walk through Windsor Park, fell naturally as they watched it into casual chat concerning the royal family, whose presence it indicated. Presently a young girl laughed and addressed another:

"As usual, Connie, it's you who is going to be married to who, and why, and whose son he is, and how under such and such contingencies he would succeed to such and such a throne.

"You, the most thorough-going, unmistakable, let-the-eagle-scream American of us all! Yet you gloat over a royal wedding as a gossipy village dressmaker does over a wedding in the oldest local family. It's too funny!"

Constance joined the laughter, but she defended herself.

"Certainly I do! It's only simple gratitude in me to feel a kindly interest in the affairs of royalty. You see, two years ago a much traveled, widely informed, very aged, very argumentative and very domineering cousin spent the winter with us. Until I discovered the crowned heads of Europe conversation in the family circle was an ordeal. She challenged everybody's opinions, authorities and tastes, and bullied or derided us into assent or silence. But her years abroad had given her a taste for gossip about royalties, and I soon learned, when I perceived a storm brewing, to fling overboard a prince or a princess, as one might pour oil upon the waters; and it always acted like a charm. Concerning the European sovereigns, we had neither principles, theories nor feelings to be assailed, while Cousin Euphemia possessed an accumulated fund of information, which she was delighted to bestow upon us. Oh, I assure you, royalties have their uses even in a republic; as a picturesque, interesting and harmless subject of conversation, kings and queens can't be excelled."

"And that's one of their uses," commented one of the men, smiling, "even in a monarchy. They are the fairy story, the romance, of their people; and every royal betrothal, wedding, christening or funeral is a thrilling new chapter in a serial that never ends."—Youth's Companion.

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Mabel—What are you making? Auntie—Angel cake, my dear. Mabel—Where will you get the angels to put in it?

Fred—Oh, mamma, the druggist at the corner gives away birds with each glass of soda water! Mamma—What kind of birds, dear Fred—Swallows.

Nellie was visiting at the seashore and, seeing the waves rolling for the first time, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, what are those big, gray-haired lumps bobbing up and down?"

"What is algebra, Johnny?" asked the teacher of a small pupil. "It's a white mule covered with black stripes," answered the little fellow. "I saw one at the circus last summer."

"Mamma," said 4-year-old Harry, "I'll bet God thinks I'm dead." "Why, dear?" asked the astonished mother. "'Cause I forgot to say my prayers last night," answered the little fellow.

Little 5-year-old Edith was taken to a dentist, who removed an aching tooth. That evening at prayers her mother was surprised to hear her say: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."

"I wonder how dolls live? They don't eat anything." "Oh, yes, they do." "How do you know?" "'Cause my old one got ripped up the back the other day, and she was full of breakfast food."

Teacher—Who was the god of war? Small Boy—Hymen. Teacher—No, that isn't right. Hymen was the god of marriage. Small Boy—Well, my pa said Hymen was the god of war, and I guess he knows.

"Mamma," said 5-year-old Bessie, "can't I have a milkmaid's costume for Cousin Nellie's party?" "I'm afraid such a costume wouldn't be suitable for a little girl like you," replied the mother. "But," persisted Bessie, "I can be a condensed milkmaid, can't I?"

He Didn't Want the Job. Lord Kames was judge of a circuit court. Erskine was attorney for the defendant, whose name was Tickle. He began his plea. "Tickle, my client, my lord—"

"Tickle him yourself, Harry. You are as able to do it as I am," said Kames.

Henry Is Maligned. "I once read a book by Henry James."

"Well?"

"I was quite surprised. I understood what it was all about."—Washington Herald.

Something Just as Good.

"Got any breakfast food?" asked the old lady in the grocery.

"All out," replied the grocer absent-mindedly. "But we have some very fine sharings."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Not an Ancestor.

Papa was carefully studying the family history in the big Bible when his nine-year-old daughter surprised him by saying, "Papa, was Aunt Ann one of your Ann-sisters?"